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I found your ocean
in every candy water
in the skies salt
utopias of life
waiting to see the land
celebrated moments
dangerous (breach) with past
fertile dreams
furious visions
reconciliation with past.
Teaspoon of time small like
canvas chair
like milk, dinner may be
one day outside
in a little table
on the grass
running up the stairs
of time
contemplating your ocean
with the tenuous
fragrance of the flowers
of my eyes.